AUM

Brahman, the first cause, swells by means of meditation; hence is produced matter; from matter mind, breath and intellect, the seven worlds, and from the works performed by men in the world, the eternal effects, rewards and punishments of works.—*Mundaka-Upanishad.*

Behind thee leave thy merchandise,
Thy churches and thy charities;
And leave thy peacock wit behind;
Enough for thee the primal mind
That flows in streams, that breathes in wind.—*Emerson.*

THE PATH.

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LETTERS ON THE TRUE.

III.

My Comrades :—

As we turn our thoughts in upon ourselves, we find the good on top; the bad is below. We must set the blaze of self-examination to the task and drag out the lurker within. We think we have abandoned ambition and comfort, but we have only given up those of the lower plane, the mere reflection of the great ambitions and joys of a larger life. The rays of Truth burn up the covers we had placed upon those seeds, and then the real seeds begin to sprout and cause new troubles. Do not ignore this; it

has cost others many years and tears of blood to self-learn it. Men have been deceived as to their motives up to high passages of the Way.

Indolence is a great deceiver. We trust to the sufficiency of "our Divine Spirit," and so hope to reach the goal easily with the natural evolution of the race. We forget that the kingdom must be taken by violence. It is by no means sure that we shall make the connection with spirit in this life journey. Thousands may and do fail to make it. Your divine spirit is only yours in so far as it is that of all others equally; not yours but *ours*, making us one. The Bagavad-Gita destroys the idea that if there be in us this higher self, it will, even if we are indolent, triumph over the necessity for effort, and lead us to find beatitude in common with the whole stream of man. "The man of doubtful mind enjoys neither this world nor the other (the Deva world) nor finds beatitude." Sometime then during the period of choice for the race this self must be discovered, purified and set free. The period is long—but it ends. The unprogressed soul falls back; it may die, for only the spiritual monad is incorruptible. On the soul itself depends this spiritual polarity; each personality heightens or lessens it by the greater or smaller impetus given by him to the life of the lower self. Its luxurious growth throttles the true self as mistletoe devitalizes the live-oak. "Bitten by the world, like one bitten by a great serpent; darkened with passion, like the night; changing its dress in a moment like an actor; fair in appearance, like a painted wall:" thus the Upanishad warns us against the elemental self.

These warnings are not meant to discourage, but to strengthen. The Way is narrow, but it is there. So narrow it is, and so often lost amid the bustling highways of life, that many who have wandered far afield still think their feet are set upon it. There is ofttimes much to discourage us in the attitude of our nearest friends. They are on far shores, and when we arrive they speak of the small potatoe patch they tend and see nothing in our talk of what is over the sea, and of the grander interests beyond the little place they stand on. This is a blow dealt the inner man and hurts inside. Life is all up in arms against us. A letter sent me by one of my comrades goes clearly and nobly to the root of this matter:

"Dear Jasper: I gave your letter to a distressed soul: she returned thanks saying it was a cooling draught to one athirst. The thanks of course are yours.

"Now this lady says it was refreshment to the weary, that letter True, or she would not say it. But it was not so to me nor to you. It all seems so well understood to be so. We needed it not. But she illustrates a certain state of progress. She is not yet where we are, but which is happier? She is happier, but poorer in hope. We are not all too happy, but are rich in hope, knowing the prize at the end of time, and not deterred by the

clouds, the storms, the miasms and dreadful beasts of prey that line the road. Let us then at the very outset wash out of our souls all desire for reward, all hope that we may attain. For so long as we thus hope and desire we shall be separated from the Self. If in the Self all things *are*, then we cannot wish to be something which we can only compass by excluding something else. Standing where we are, let us purify ourselves to be all things.

"So being beyond this lady so grateful, we find that everything we meet on this illusory plane of existence is a lure that in one way or another has power to draw us out of our path. That is the point we are at, and we may call it the point where lures of Maya have omnipresent power. Therefore we must beware of the illusions of matter.

"Before we got to this stage we knew the fateful lure, the dazzling mirror of the elemental self, here and there in well defined places and intrenched as it was, so to say, in strongly marked defences. Those we assaulted; and that was what it desired, for it did think that it then had no need to exercise the enchantment which is hard because so subtle, and so distributed here and there that we find no citadels to take, no battallions in array. But now our dearest friends are in league with this beautiful, deceitful Maya.[1] How strongly do I realize the dejection of Arjuna as he let his bow drop from his hand and sat down on his chariot in despair. But he had a sure spot to rest upon. He used his own. He had Krishna near, and he might fight on.

"So in passing along past those stages where the grateful lady and others are, we may perhaps have found one spot we may call our own and possess no other qualification for the task. That spot is enough. It is our belief in the Self, in Masters: it is the little flame of intuition we have allowed to burn, that we have fostered with care.

"Then come these dreadful lures. They are in fact but mere carcasses, shells of monsters from past existences, offering themselves that we may give them life to terrify us as soon as we have entered them either by fear or love. No matter which way we enter, whether by attachment to them or by repugnant horror, it is all one: they are in one case vivified by a lover; in the other by a slave who would be free but cannot.

"Here it is the lure of enjoyment of natural pleasures, growing out of life's physical basis; there it is self-praise, anger, vanity, what not? Even these beautiful hills and river they mock one, for they live on untrammeled. Perhaps they do not speak to us because they know the superiority of silence. They laugh with each other at us in the night, amused at the wild struggles of this petty man who would pull the sky down. Ach! God of Heaven! And all the sucklings of Theosophy wish that some great, well diplomaed adept would come and open the secret box; but they do not

[1] *Maya, i. e.*, "illusion."

imagine that other students have stepped on the spikes that defend the entrance to the way that leads to the gate of the Path. But we will not blame them, nor yet wish for the things—the special lots—that some of them have abstracted, because now that we know the dreadful power that despair and doubt and violated conscience have, we prefer to prepare wisely and carefully and not rush in like fools where angels do not pass uninvited.

"But, Companion, I remind you of the power of the lure. This Path passes along under a sky and in a clime where every weed grows a yard in the night. It has no discrimination. Thus even after weeks or months of devotion, or years of work, we are surprised at small seeds of vanity or any other thing which would be easily conquered in other years of inattentive life, but which seem now to arise as if helped by some damnable intelligence. This great power of self-illusion is strong enough to create a roaring torrent or a mountain of ice between us and our Masters. Z....."

The Path lies not in extremes but midway, like that Sun whose centre is everywhere, like that Eternal Liberty which Boehme says is the middlemost and within all things. We must pin ourselves down to a rigid appreciation of the mathematical workings of Law and trace their connection with our own constitution. It would seem well to take all the suggestions we can get, but I have known travellers on western prairies who preferred to go a day's journey out of their road, rather than make inquiry of a passer by. If the law of Continuity remains unbroken, as it must if it exists at all, and from its very nature cannot be suspended, then there must be personalities far more progressed than ourselves, somewhere along the vast chain stretching from man to the Deity. I have heard comrades repel the idea that any "Master" could aid them. The western mind detests that word; American boys will not even say "schoolmaster." And yet it is only an equivalent for Teacher, and how glorious are the teachings.

If a man's magnetic sphere be confused, however, he cannot feel the attraction of higher spheres; he does not believe in their existence. If they do not exist to his hope or his intuition, for him they are not, nor will he feel their benefit even indirectly until he shall have evolved enough spiritual energy to enable him to assimilate the currents which unceasingly flow from them to raise the powers of the race. Let every man have his mind within his own power and resolve firmly to believe. Our own is everywhere if we will only take it! We do not justly value the gifts of Truth given us without personal attestation. We clamor for persons and authorities; we have a sense of injury which cries to the echo; "if Truth be true she will sign her name." Not always: for how then can the perceptions of men be tested in the absence of genuine relations? How can those students be discovered who do not depend upon a revenue stamp to recognize a genuine article? If a man receives a gem, does he growl because the jeweller's case came

not with it? What lustre can a name add to Truth? We should need no guarantee beyond the spirit of the words; the words themselves are often traps. Nothing avails us at last but the touch-stone of our own souls; it is deeply concealed in the heart, far beyond the elemental nature. It is not mind, judgment, reason: it is the fire which tests and welds.

JASPER NIEMAND, F. T. S.

THE POETRY OF REINCARNATION IN WESTERN LITERATURE.

PART II.

BRITISH POETRY.

FROM "INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY."

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
The soul that rises with us, our life's star
  Hath had elsewhere its setting
    And cometh from afar.
  Not in entire forgetfulness
  And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
    From God who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy
Shades of the prison house begin to close
    Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
    He sees it in his joy.
The youth who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest
  And by the vision splendid
  Is on his way attended.
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

WM. WORDSWORTH.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Methinks I can remember when, a shade
All soft and flowery was my couch, and I
A little naked child, with fair white flesh
And wings all gold bedropt, and o'er my head
Bright fruits were hanging and tall balmy shrines
Shed odorous gums around me, and I lay
Sleeping and waking in that wondrous air

Which seemed infused with glory, and each breeze
Bore as it wandered by, sweet melodies ;
But whence, I knew not. One delight was there
Whether of feeling or of sight or touch
I know not now—which is not in this earth,
Something all-glorious and all beautiful,
Of which our language speaketh not, and which
Flies from the eager grasping of my thought
As doth the shade of a forgotten dream.
All knowledge had I, but I cared not then
To search into my soul and draw it thence.
The blessed creatures that around me played
I knew them all, and where their resting was,
And all their hidden symmetry I knew,
And how the form is linked into the soul,
I knew it all, but thought not on it then
I was so happy.

And once upon a time
I saw an army of bright beaming shapes
Fair faced and rosy cinctured and gold winged
Approach upon the air. They came to me
And from a crystal chalice silver brimmed
Put sparkling potion to my lips and stood
All around me, in the many blooming shades,
Shedding into the centre where I lay
A mingling of soft light, and then they sang
Songs of the land they dwelt in ; and the last
Lingereth even till now upon mine ear.
Holy and blest
Be the calm of thy rest
For thy chamber of sleep
Shall be dark and deep
They shall dig thee a tomb
In the dark deep womb
In the warm dark womb.

Spread ye, spread the dewy mist around him
Spread ye, spread till the thick dark night surround him,
Till the dark long night has bound him
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first cloud is beaming and bright
The next cloud is mellowed in light
The third cloud is dim to sight
And it stretches away into gloomy night.
Twine ye, twine, the mystic threads around him
Twine ye, twine, till the fast firm fate surround him
Till the firm cold fate hath bound him
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.

The first thread is beaming and bright
The next thread is mellowed in light
The third thread is dim to sight,
And it stretches away into a gloamy night.
Sing ye, sing, the fairy songs around him
Sing ye, sing, till the dull warm sleep surround him
Till the warm damp sleep hath bound him
Which bindeth all before their birth

Down upon the nether earth.
The first dream is beaming and bright
The next dream is mellowed in light
The third dream is dim to sight
And it stretches away into gloomy night.

Then dimness passed upon me and that song
Was sounding o'er me when I woke
To be a pilgrim on the nether earth. DEAN ALFORD, 1850.

FROM "CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON THE SOUL."

Eternity—thou pleasing, dreadful thought
Through what variety of untried being
Through what new scenes and dangers must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me
But shadows, clouds and darkness rest upon it.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

RETURNING DREAMS.

As in that world of Dream whose mystic shades
Are cast by still more mystic substances,
We ofttimes have an unreflecting sense
A silent consciousness, of some things past
So clear that we can wholly comprehend
Others of which they are a part, and even
Continue them in action, though no stress
Of after memory can recognize
That we have had experience of those things
Or sleeping or awake:
Thus in the dream,
Our universal Dream, of Mortal Life,
The incidents of an anterior dream,
Or it may be, Existence, noiselessly intrude
Into the daily flow of earthly things,
Instincts of good—immediate sympathies
Places come at by chance, that claim at once
An old acquaintance—single random looks
That bare a stranger's bosom to our eyes;
We *know* these things are so, we ask not why
But act and follow as the Dream goes on.

R. M. MILNES, (Lord Houghton).

FROM "THE MYSTIC."

Who dreams not life more tearful than the hours
Since first into this world he wept his way
Earthward, may be called of God, man's soul
In patriarchal periods, comet-like
Ranges, perchance, all spheres successive, and in each
With nobler powers endowed and senses new
Set season bideth. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

FROM "DE PROFUNDIS."

BIRTH.

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep.
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirled for a million aeons thro' the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light—
Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Thro' all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever heightening life,
And nine long months of ante-natal gloom,
Thou comest. A. TENNYSON.

Tennyson also writes :—

For how should I for certain hold
Because my memory is so cold,
That I *first* was in human mould?

It may be that no life is found
Which only to one engine bound
Falls off, but cycles always round.

But, if I lapsed from nobler place,
Some legend of a fallen race
Alone might hint of my disgrace.

Or, if through lower lives I came—
Tho' all experience past became
Consolidate in mind and frame—
I might forget my weaker lot;
For is not our first year forgot?
The haunts of memory echo not.

Some draughts of Lethe doth await
As old mythologies relate
The slipping through from state to state

Moreover, something is or seems,
That touches me with mystic gleams,
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare.

In Shelley's poems the ideas of pre-existence and many lives may frequently be met expressly or implied. The title over one of his songs of unrest "The World's Wanderer" evidently alludes to himself, as do the lines in it

"Like the world's rejected guest."

The song of the spirits in "Prometheus Unbound" pictures vividly the human soul's descent into the gloom of the material world:

To the deep, to the deep,
Down, down!
Through the shade of sleep
Through the cloudy strife
Of Death and of Life
Through the veil and the bar
Of things which seem and are
Even to the steps of the remotest throne,
Down, down!

While the sound whirls around
Down, down!
As the fawn draws the hound
As the lightning the vapour
As a weak moth, the taper;
Death, despair; love, sorrow;
Time both; to-day, to-morrow;
As steel obeys the spirit of the stone
Down, down!

In the depth of the deep
Down, down!
Like the veiled lightning asleep
Like the spark nursed in embers,
The last look Love remembers,
Like a diamond which shines
On the dark wealth of mines
A spell is treasured but for thee alone,
Down, down!

THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And, looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this flashy dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Oh, how I long to travel back
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk and staggers in the way
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Edmund W. Gosse treats the idea of Wordsworth's "Intimations" in a way directly opposite to the older poet, in these verses:

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Thou hast the colors of the Spring
The gold of king cups triumphing
The blue of wood-bells wild,
But winter thoughts thy spirit fill
And thou art wandering from us still
Too young to be our child.

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed
Thou dear and much desired guest
That home is near at hand.
Long lost in high mysterious lands
Close by our door thy spirit stands
In journey well nigh past.

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
New fancies bubbling there,
To feel one common light, and lose
The flood of strange etherial hues
Too dire for us to share!

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake
Since I am nought but clay;
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit behind my chair and sing
And cheer my passing day.

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The air of rapt unconsciousness
Past with the fading hours;
I joy in every childish sign
That proves the stranger less divine
And much more meekly ours.

FROM "A RECORD."

None sees the slow and upward sweep
By which the soul from life-depths deep
Ascends,—unless, mayhap when free
With each new death we backward see
The long perspective of our race
Our multitudinous past lives trace.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE PATH has already shown Browning's expression of Reincarnation contained in Paracelsus. In his poem "One Word More" occur these lines also :

I shall never, in the years remaining
Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues
This of verse alone one life allows me
Other heights in other lives, God willing.

Similar glimpses of this thought occur in Byron, Pope, Coleridge, Swinburne and others, but it is difficult to select a continuous and complete wording of it in them. E. D. WALKER.

NOTES ON THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

FROM ELIPHAS LÉVI'S WORKS.

(*Continued.*)

That which is true in cause, is real in effect ; that which is not realized does not exist. The realization of speech is the Word, properly so called ; a thought is realized in becoming a word—realized by signs, by sounds, by figures. This is the first degree of realization. Then it impresses itself upon the Astral Light by these signs or words, it influences other minds by repeating itself in them, refracts itself in traversing the imaginations of others, assumes therein new forms and proportions, and finally transmutes itself into actions and modifies society and the world. This is the last degree of realization. Those who are born in a world which is modified by an idea, bear the imprint of it, and it is thus that the word is made flesh.

The Astral Light, figured in ancient symbology by the serpent biting its tail, represents in turn, folly and prudence, time and eternity, the Tempter and the Redeemer ; thus this Light, being the vehicle of life, serves as an auxiliary alike to good or evil, assumes the fiery shape of Satan as well as the form of the Holy Spirit. It is the universal weapon in the wars of the Angels, feeds the fires of Hell, and furnishes the lightning of Saint Michael. It may be likened to a horse that has the attributes of the chameleon, and reflects always the armor of its rider.

The law of realization produces what may be called *magnetic respiration;* which impregnates objects and places, and communicates to them an influence corresponding to our dominant wishes. In a word, the universal agent, the latent Astral Light, tends ever to equilibrium; it fills every void, and aspires ever to repletion. For this reason vice is contagious, just as are certain physical maladies, and so it works powerfully for the proselytism of either vice or virtue. For this reason, also, relics, be they either of saints or of great criminals, may produce marvellous effects either of sudden conversion or perversion. The soul breathes just as the body does; it draws in that which it esteems happiness, and gives out the ideas which result from its inmost sensations. So diseased souls have a bad breath, and vitiate the moral atmosphere; that is to say, they mingle impure reflections with the Astral Light which penetrates them, and thus establish deleterious currents.

We are often astonished, when in society, at being assailed by evil thoughts and suggestions that we would not have imagined possible, and we are not aware that we owe them solely to the presence of some morbid neighbor; this fact is of great importance, since it relates to the manifestation of conscience—one of the most terrible and incontestable secrets of the magic art.

This magnetic respiration throws about the soul a halo, of which it is the centre, and surrounds it with the reflection of its own actions, which make for it a heaven or a hell.

No actions are isolated, and none can be hidden; everything that we really wish, that is to say, everything that we confirm by our acts, remains in the Astral Light, in which its reflections are preserved; these reflections again influence our thoughts, by mingling with our lucidity, and thus a man becomes, and continues to be, the author of his destiny.

The Astral Light, combining with ethereal fluids, forms the astral phantom of which Paracelsus speaks in his philosophy of intuition. This astral body, being freed at death, attracts to itself, and preserves for a long time, by the sympathy of likeness, the reflections of the past life; if a powerfully sympathetic will draws it into the proper current, it manifests itself in the form of an apparition.

The Astral Light, transmuted into human light at the moment of conception, is the primary envelope of the soul. This fluidic body, like the mass of the Astral Light, has two contrary movements, attractive on the right hand, and repulsive on the left; or reciprocal, as in the case of the two sexes; this produces in us the strife of contending emotions, and contributes to the terrors of conscience; thus are produced in us sometimes temptations, sometimes subtile or unexpected graces.

This is the explanation of the traditional dogma of the two attendant

Angels who help us or oppose us; these two movements of the Astral Light may be represented by a Balance, in which are weighed our resolutions.

The Astral body is not always of the same sex as the material body; that is to say, these two forces, swaying, so to speak, from right to left, often seem to contradict the visible organization; thus are produced the striking errors of the human passions, and thus may be explained, although without in the least justifying them, the amorous peculiarities of an Anacreon or a Sappho.

There are persons who cannot be offended with impunity, and one who does them an injury may begin to die from that very moment: there are some men whose influence is felt at once, and whose mere glance may change the direction of the current of our life.

The basilisk who killed by his look, is not a fable, but a magic allegory. As a rule, it is injurious to the health to have enemies, and it is not possible, with impunity, to leave the reprobation of anyone; before opposing ourselves to a force or a current, we should be sure that the person or the current is not stronger than we are; otherwise, we shall be overwhelmed or even annihilated. Many sudden deaths are attributable to no other cause than this. The dramatic deaths of Nadab and Abihu, of Ananias and Sapphira, were caused by the electric currents of the faith that they outraged.

The intense reprobation that was aroused by the massacre of St. Bartholomew was the sole cause of the horrible malady and death of Charles IX; and Henry IV, if he had not been sustained by the enormous popularity which he owed to his personal magnetism, or the sympathetic power of his astral life, could scarcely have survived his conversion, and would have perished beneath the contempt of the Protestants, combined with the distrust and hatred of the Catholics.

Unpopularity may be a proof of integrity and courage, but it is never a proof of political wisdom. Outrages to public opinion are fatal to statesmen; and it is possible to recall the premature and violent death of more than one illustrious man, of which it is not fitting to speak here. These verdicts of public opinion may be very unjust, but they are none the less causes of failure, or even sentences of death. On the other hand, injuries done to a single human being may, and unless reparation is made, must, cause the destruction of a community or of a whole nation. This is what is meant by "the cry of blood"—for at the bottom of every injustice, lies the germ of a homicide.

It is because of these terrible laws of solidarity, that christianity insists so strenuously upon the forgiveness of injuries, and the necessity of reconciliation. He who dies without forgiving his enemy, hurls himself into eternity armed with a dagger, and devotes himself to the horrors of eternal murder.

B. N. Acle, F. T. S.

The Symbolism of the Equilateral Triangle.

[Read at a meeting of the Aryan Theosophical Society, N. Y., May 31, 1887.]

The triangle holds its place as a symbol in the mathematics of ideal proportions. As a symbol in ethics it at once suggests the idea of mathematical exactness and method in connection with spiritual problems. A true spiritualism is able to demonstrate its position in the exactness of the law of pure mathematics. A spiritualism that fails in this, fails in the only method known to finite comprehension as exact, and leads to the inference, that a law can express more than the law giver. The law of mathematics holds our highest concept of absolute Truth. The law is universal, and in its unfolding gives us the highest possible relation. Music, art, poetry, all that we know of the ennobling and beautifying expressions of the soul, manifest themselves in numbers. The truth of music is in measure; the truth of art is in proportion; the truth of poetry is in ratio. Science has never revealed anything but a broader application of the law of number. Chemistry is combination or addition. Botany is analysis or subtraction. In astronomy we strike the true because the incomprehensible—we deal with the unknown quantity. The true basis of reasoning is from cause to effect. To correctly measure the force of a stream we will go to its source. When the source is unknown, it becomes the unknown quantity of our calculation, and through the application of it as an unknown quantity, we approximate to a true knowledge of it. In dealing with the greatest of all problems—that of existence—mathematical principles have been ignored. I know it is objected that mathematics are too cold for religion. "We want the warmth of sentiment and emotion in spiritual things." The warmth of sentiment and emotion, unsupported by the truth of mathematics, is the song without music, poetry without rythm, and art without harmony. It abides where music, poetry and art have not yet become the language of the soul. As compared to the warmth derived from a mathematical basis, it is the flash of light reflected from a mirror as distinguished from the direct glow of a sunbeam; one scorches and dazzles, the other warms; one blinds the vision, the other is a "lamp to the feet," revealing the way. A change in the multiplication table to suit the fancy of every one who had a problem to solve, would make a chaos of all calculation—without an exact basis in ethics this is our condition in spiritual things. One man's revelation is not another's; and each holds his opinion, or sentiment, as truth. One man's opinions or any set of men's opinions cannot alter the truth as discovered

in mathematics. Here and here only, can we determine the problem of life in the terms of law. Here we reach a solution that brings us to the recognition of brotherhood in spiritual things, as we are a recognized brotherhood in mathematics. The axioms of truth have no more to be changed in dealing with the realities of life, than in dealing with its grosser calculations. A universal brotherhood finds its realization in the universal recognition of a Diety that appeals to all in the harmony of an everywhere manifested law.

Starting with the triangle as the unit of all subjective operations our conception of it is based upon our knowledge of the objective unit; we proceed from a knowledge of the part to a concept of the whole—or unknown unit. To do this we transmute the objective to the subjective and raise the power of the numeral to infinity. When thus raised to the power of the infinite unit the triangle is our symbol for truth. As a symbol for the whole of truth, it holds the key to all science, to all wisdom, and its study leads with certain steps to and through that door wherein the mystery of life ceases to be a problem, and becomes revelation. An understanding of the triangle depends upon the analysis of the objective unit, the arithmetic definition of which is "a single thing." The first idea we get from this single thing is wholeness; nothing can be added to it nor substracted from it without impairing its unity as a single thing. Second: Its unity involves the idea that it can be separated, that it consists of parts. Third: These parts hold certain unchanging relationship to each other, then as related to its wholeness it has unity, as related to its separableness it has diversity, and as related to its unchangeableness it has identity; unity, diversity and identity, are the essential qualities of every "single thing," or every unit, and the equilateral triangle is the symbol that manifests these three qualities in unity. The figure 3 does not do it as we lose in it the idea of three related parts. Three separate 1's will not do it, as the idea of unity is lost. We combine the three 1's to express the unity and diversity, and when combined we have the idea of identity, and the triangle is the symbol of the subjective unit. Each side of the triangle is the figure 1, and this manifests unity in its wholeness, diversity in its two ends and identity in its central point which is changeless for every figure 1. Thus the figure 1 manifests the triangle in the symbol and the first deduction we make is: *the unit is a trinity*. The triangle is a unit, each part of the triangle is a unit, hence, it follows that *every part manifests the whole*. Seen in motion the triangle measures the arc of the pendulum, these successive arcs make the circle and the circle marks Infinity—or the pendulum swing that marks eternity in space and time, and so annihilates space and time. This idea of the unit in connection with motion and form gives the idea of motionless and formless as manifested truth. Form and motion involve change, the unit cannot change. The magnetic needle in its perfect poise illustrates what I mean,

and shows: the motion of the unit in, positive or centrifugal, in negative or centripetal, and poise. *Perfect poise is changeless.* The absolute is always the center, a change in the center belongs to finite perception and not to Infinite Truth. The unknown quantity of Infinite Poise will always be the unknown quantity, but as the part manifests the whole we shall always have a measure of understanding proportioned to our discernment. As we do not hold the center, we do not hold both the positive and negative, and so we manifest a minus quantity in all our thinking. The *symbol cannot change.* Its action in truth is *Energy in Poise.* Delsarte makes a clear exposition of this principle. Perfect expression in music is vibrating harmony, and then music is soundless. The human form is the prophecy of the principle in limbs—or positive, head—negative and torso—poise, the hand manifests it in fingers, palm and thumb, the thumb indicates the line of physical balance, and falls when the balance is lost.

Blood, bone, and breath, circulation, secretion and respiration: all functional activity shows us the symbol. We have it in the planet as water-centrifugal, earth-centripetal, and air-poise, or manifested as liquid—solid and gas. It expresses the law of chemical affinity and the organic cell. Light, electricity and magnetism are its etherealized exponents. Of the three primary colors, blue is the life or centrifugal ray, yellow is the illuminating or centripetal ray, and red is the warm or poised ray. The ideal of these rays is blue for life or will, yellow for wisdom, and red for love, which brings us to the Divine Father principle, the Divine Mother principle, and the Divine Child as the Divine Trinity of manifested truth, or the circle of manifested Deity. The nearer man approaches a form that manifests *Energy in Poise*, the nearer he is to taking his place in the line of the triangle. In expression, voice is centrifugal or going out, gesture is poised or within, and the word is concentered or coming back, and this is the order manifested in the child. We reach true expression in proportion as the energy of going out is at one with the energy of coming back: in other words when the impulse of the creature in aspiration is one with the Creator in inspiration, man finds himself a part of the line of the triangle, a part of the word that "in the beginning was God." To express the truth of the triangle, is to manifest the supreme energy of the universe, and that means the bringing of the line of life in ourselves into the line of truth in ourselves. This is the true work of existence. Love measures the poise, *and we know when we have attained it.* There is no room for finding fault, for recrimination or judgment of our neighbor, the battle is with the self.

LYDIA BELL.

Theosophical Fiction.

The brief review of Mr. Sinnett's novel, "United" printed in the last number of The Path, seems to call for some modification, lest in the minds of some readers a misapprehension may arise, and views concerning the purpose and effect of Theosophical fiction, probably not intended by the reviewer, be encouraged. The word "romance" is so elastic in its definition that it can be made to cover meanings which may or may not be condemned when considered from a theosophical standpoint. If, for instance, romance be taken to cover imaginative writings which are the result of pure invention, or fancy, having no parallels in fact, then most assuredly such writings are untrue, and without value as theosophical works. If, however, romance be employed as a term for works of fiction, it should be borne in mind that what is pure fiction may be the purest truth. It is not necessary for a work to be a record of fact—that is, of events which have actually happened—in order to be true. That which may happen, that which is in accord with either physical or spiritual law, is just as much entitled to be considered as truth as is a literal statement of facts which have occurred, or a statement of the laws under which they may occur. This may be seen by considering that a person endowed with psychic perception may behold an event years in the future and may relate what he has seen. His story is as absolutely true as if it were a narration of that which has already happened. Truth to nature is the great consideration to be borne in mind; it makes no difference about the manner in which facts are stated, or the mode of their combination in a narrative, so long as it is possible for such things to happen. That which has never yet been may occur at any moment.

Whoever has followed the course of fiction during the past few years will see that the growing interest in theosophical teachings has had a great effect thereupon. There appears to be nothing more certain than that fiction will be one of the most powerful methods of imparting Theosophical truths, and of awakening an interest in the secret doctrine among the multitudes. In fact, correctly written fiction embodying Theosophical truths is of even more value for the purposes of teaching than a mere abstract statement of those truths, for it lends them vitality and brings them into the domain of reality for us by showing them in their relations to human life. And knowledge is only attainable through the experience gained in the physical; through the lessons of sensation. All progress is made only in this way.

No Theosophist would dispute the great value of allegory in conveying a conception of the truth, and allegory is but a form of fiction. Admirable instances are the two beautiful stories printed in The Path, "Papyrus,"

and Mr. Hinton's "The Lake and the Pool." Then there is that priceless work, "The Land of the White Lotus," which, while it is allegory, may quite possibly be a record of things that have happened. But whether it be fact or fiction makes no difference in its value.

Again, it should not be forgotten that the characters of the novelist attain an actual existence on another plane, both in the minds of the writers and of the readers. Shakspere's Hamlet, for instance, is a more real character to the world than the historical Prince of Denmark, if he ever existed, and the same may be said of all his other characters. There is a powerful story by an anonymous author, called "A Strange Temptation," published in Macmillan's magazine something like eighteen months ago and reprinted by Littell's in this country. It illustrates this truth; the characters of an author becoming alive on an elemental plane, and, though purely a work of the imagination, it nevertheless makes a most impressive use of certain Theosophical teachings and conveys a great lesson. It is worthy of the attention of any Theosophist.

The Theosophical student will also find himself repaid by observing, in various novels having to do with occult subjects, from Bulwer's down to Anstey's, how various writers' minds are impressed by occult facts, and even in the lightest he will be apt to find that the author has to a great extent, though unintentionally, been true to occult law.

Mr. Sinnett's fiction is of especial value as that of a sincere student of Theosophy, who has endeavored to embody some of the great facts of occultism in a popular form. The writer knows of several instances of persons who, by a reading of "Karma," have been led to take a deep interest in Theosophy. "United" is artistically a decided advance over "Karma." Mr. Sinnett appears to be acquiring a better literary style; the involved sentences, with their tangled qualifications, so painfully characteristic of his first book, "The Occult World," have yielded to a plainer diction, and the generally straightforward simplicity of "United" is commendable.

It is probably a hasty generalization to speak of the main purpose of "United" being to depict the reality of the process of life transference. This is but an episode, important though it be in its bearing upon the story. The leading idea of the work is to represent the important truth of the Higher Self, and it makes this great Theosophical teaching, in its rudimentary aspect, clearer to the mind of the average reader than it has been before. The following eloquent passage gives a glorious picture of the state of higher consciousness, when the soul is released from the conflicting distractions of the physical senses:

"In losing consciousness of her physical surroundings, as Mrs. Malcolm leaned back, her eyes fixed and her whole soul concentrated on

the face of the beautiful spirit, she never for a moment seemed to lose consciousness of *her*; but by degrees—or rather without noticing the degrees, and yet not suddenly—she seemed to float into a state of beatitude in which she and the spirit were together in an intimacy which blended them almost into one being. Side by side with her, in a union closer than the closest earthly embrace, and with thrilling emotion of ecstacy—keener and more intense even than the strong love of her waking consciousness—she seemed to pass away into regions of infinite distance and splendor, and, without putting her ideas into the slow concatenation of words and phrases, to drink in a sense of the larger existence to which she was thus introduced, and of the relative insignificance of the faintly remembered joys and pain of the physical state of life so left behind. As her thoughts turned to one or the other of the stronger interests of her earthly life, these seemed vitalized before her. As she thought of her brother, he was there beside her, and seemed to be welcoming her to the new realm she was exploring, as if he already belonged to it—and as she thought of Marston, she suddenly found herself face to face with him, recognizing him instantly as the friend she had known so long, but as a glorified presentation of himself, with all the old weariness of existence and the stains of sorrow washed out of his nature, and a look of supreme happiness in his wide-open eyes—a glowing consciousness of Edith's presence which, filling his whole existence with rapture as it did, yet left him able none the less joyously to greet her and share with her the sense of love for the object of their double devotion. There was no perception of hurry in the progress of all this; on the contrary, a sense of long, calm durability in their delight, and the panorama of a new nature round them was not neglected, but surveyed as it were by all three with the feeling that they were now in final security as regards their companionship, and in a position to take interest in minor things at leisure. Some impression, too, of her earlier life on earth came back to her, and the corresponding vibrations of emotion were taken up in their turn—always in tune, as it were, to the dominant note of her new condition—her close identity with Edith. She did not measure time as it passed; but the pain that had gnawed at her heart all that morning died quite away, as though it had never been felt, and her soul was refreshed, so that the recollection that there had once been a kind of sadness somehow associated in her emotions with Edith was almost difficult to recover, when the spirit which was Edith, and yet seemed almost a part of herself, came at last to be emphasized again before her sight as a being external to herself. Not losing sight of her but gradually taking in as well the impressions of the scene then around her, she was aware again of the library at Kinseyle Court."

The expansion of the individuality beyond the personal limits, and at the same time the retention of identity that comes upon release from the bonds of the physical personality, is here beautifully depicted. This passage finely accords with that in the closing scene of Browning's "Paracelsus" where the great Adept describes the impressions received as his soul is released from the thrall of the body.

Theosophical students should beware of the feeling that it is a degradation of sacred truths to couple them with a work of fiction. This feeling is a survival of the Puritanical fallacy that pleasure is "sinful." All pleas-

ure forms a part of our means of instruction, and we must learn its lesson. We must realize that there is "a joy within pleasure." A true picture of life, either real or potential, which is found in a work of fiction, makes such reading one of the best sources of learning.

But we must also in our reading, beware of making our minds what Mr. Fawcett in a recent article in THE PATH so aptly terms an "intellectual dust-bin." We must read discriminatingly and test all in the crucible of our reason, rejecting all that does not appeal to us as vitally true, whether it be the array of speculative articles found within the covers of a theosophical magazine, or the lighter literature wherein we may find our amusement.

That which we seek, we shall find. If we look for it, we shall find Theosophy in all things, and at all times, even in the most common facts of daily experience. Let us remember that nothing sacred can be degraded by making it a part of the most humble and seemingly trivial portions of life. On the contrary, the latter thereby become illuminated with meaning and exalted to their true purposes of instructing us in the real significance of life. S. B.

THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

VII.

THE HIGHER CARELESSNESS.

When the mental vision has been searching with troubled and anxious gaze for some sure clue to the heavenward path, or when it has recoiled in horror before the picture of an effete civilization breaking up, and anarchy and violence taking the place of order, it is an intense relief to realize that there is an inner stronghold where the worn warrior may retire to, that there is a sure harbour where the storm tossed bark may find rest. And this harbour is ever at hand, this stronghold may be entered any moment. It requires but the conviction of its paramount necessity, it requires but the surrender—absolute and unconditional—of the man's lower nature to the other pole of his Being, and lo! he has attained a peace and a strength that the crumbling of the world in ruins at his feet could not shake. To be able to live in this state permanently is to have attained the condition of the Yogi or the Saint, but to have experienced it even for one moment teaches that it is the first step on the true spiritual path, which the mental vision might grope for through eternity without finding.

For one whose imagination can conjure up scenes of that human earthquake, a social revolution, where the impossibility of gauging the forces or of foreseeing the developments, adds so awfully to the horror of

the situation. Surely strength and courage must be the paramount qualities required, courage to keep the heart from fainting at the dread anticipation, and strength to keep the brain from reeling in the conflict.

But if the man has so fixed his soul on the Supreme soul, has so surrendered his will to the divine Will, has so identified himself with the Deity, that he feels he is but a tool in the omnipotent hand, the divine carelessness will have entered into him, and that will give him strength. There will be no looking forward with dread anticipation, for he cares not what happens to him—the duty that lies at his hand he will do with a clear brain and a steadfast will, caring not for the result though it may be danger and death—but what matters that? the flesh may quail at the final parting, but the man who has identified himself with the spirit within, which has inhabited many a house of flesh, has raised himself above mortal fears.

It is only in moments of supreme concentration and by intense imaginative power that we who toil on on lower levels can occasionally get a glimpse of this serene condition, which as far as words can describe it would seem to be portrayed in the second part of *Light on the Path* (Rule 5). "You can stand upright now, firm as a rock amid the turmoil, obeying the warrior who is thy self and thy king. Unconcerned in the battle save to do his bidding, having no longer any care as to the result of the battle—for one thing only is important—that the warrior shall win; and you know he is incapable of defeat, standing thus, cool and awakened, use the hearing you have acquired by pain and by the destruction of pain, &c."

Even these who are still bound by the desires of action may occasionally reach in imagination the exalted serenity of this state of being, and such contemplation must doubtless help in freeing from the bondage of desire. Philanthropic work for Humanity will no longer seem an object for action, for the devotee will have become conscious that the Supreme Power that acts by him, is also guiding by invisible hands the whole course of human affairs, and the well-meant remedial actions of purblind men will, under the new illumination of the eternal light, appear to him in their true character as the ineffectual gropings of captives in a cavern. And the very fact of his no longer desiring to garner the fruit of his actions will cause his actions to be all the more far reaching in their results. The will becomes omnipotent when dissociated from human desire, for it is then part of the divine will.

His attitude towards Humanity will also find a parallel in his attitude towards Divinity, for the passionate adoration will have been left behind, and will have given place to the carelessness of the divine serenity.

The conquering of all earthly desires must be a work of ages, and

many lessons will doubtless still remain to be learned by him who has attained to this state. It is written that the aspirant must always look forward with awe, and always be prepared for the battle, but in the vast scale of Being, great distance is lost in the infinite beyond, and from our present standpoint this higher carelessness would indeed seem to be the ultimate state realizable by man while still he bears the body, for what other is it than a foretaste while in the body of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding"?

PILGRIM.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

—GENESIS iv, 9.

Many students, in their search for light, find divers problems presented to them for solution; questions so puzzling from the contradictory aspects which they present, that the true course is difficult of attainment for those who seek Right Living.

One of these questions, Is it our duty to interfere if we see a wrong being done? arises.

The question of duty is one that can be decided fully only by each individual himself. No code of laws or table of rules unchanging and inflexible will be given, under which all must act, or find duty.

We are so ignorant or so newly acquainted with a portion of the Divine Will that generally we are poorly fitted to declare decisively what is wrong, or evil.

Each man is the law unto himself—the law as to right and wrong, good and evil. No other individual may violate the law of that man, any more than any other law, without producing the inevitable result, the penalty of an infracted law.

I dare not declare that any one thing or course is evil in *another*. For me it may be evil. I am not wise enough to know what it is for another. Only the Supreme knows, for He only can read the heart, the mind, the soul of each. "Thou shalt not judge," saith the sacred writing.

My duty is clear in many places, but in the performing of it I may neither act as a judge or hold animosity, anger, or disgust.

Were a man to abuse an animal, surely I must interfere to prevent suffering to the helpless, dumb and weak, for so we are enjoined. This done, my duty lies in helping my brother, for he knew not what he did.

My aim is to find Wisdom, and my duty, to do away with ignorance wherever it is encountered. His act was caused by ignorance. Were a man to abuse wife or child through unwise use of wine or drug truly it is my duty to prevent suffering or sorrow for either wife or child, and also to

prevent greater misery—perhaps murder. They are human beings, my fellows. This done, my duty lies toward the man, not in condemnation, but seeking the cause that makes him unwise, strive to alleviate—if not free him from it. He also is my brother.

If men steal, lie, cheat, betray the innocent or are betrayed by the knowing, my duty lies in preventing for others, if I may, sorrow and anguish, pain and want, misery, suicide or bloodshed, which may be, for *others*, the result of these acts.

My duty lies in preventing effects such as these from love for and a desire to help all men, not because men's actions seem to me wrong or their courses evil. I know not the causes of their actions, nor all the reasons why they are permitted. How then may I say this or that man is evil, this or that thing is wrong? The *effects* may to *me* seem evil, inasmuch as such appears to be the result for others. Here my duty is to prevent evil to other mortals in the way that seems most wise.

> "Finally this is better that one do
> His own task as he may even though he fail,
> Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good."
> —*Song Celestial* (*Bhagavat-Gita*).

He who seeks "the small old path" has many duties to perform. His duty to mankind, his family—nature—himself and his creator, but duty here means something very different from that which is conveyed by the time and lip-worn word, *Duty*. Our comprehension of the term is generally based upon society's or man's selfish interpretation. It is quite generally thought that duty means the performance of a series of acts which *others* think *I* ought to perform, whereas, it more truly means the performance of actions by me which *I know* are good for *others*, or the wisest at the moment.

It would be quite dangerous for me to take upon myself the duty of another, either because he told me it was good, or that it was duty. It would be dangerous for him and me if I assumed that which he felt it was good to do, for that is his duty, and cannot be mine. That which is given him to do I cannot do for him. That which is given me to do no living thing can do for me. If I attempt to do another's duty then I assume that which belongs not to me, was not given me. I am a thief, taking that which does not belong to me. My brother consenting thereto becomes an idler, fails to comprehend the lesson, shifts the responsibility, and between us we accomplish nothing.

We are instructed to do good. That is duty. In doing good all that we do is covered, that for which we are here is being accomplished and that is—duty. We are enjoined to do good *where it is safe*. Not safe for ourselves, but safe for the objects toward which our duty points. Often we behold beings suffering great wrong. Our emotions prompt us to rush

forward and in some way prevent the continuance of it. Still the wise man knows it is not safe. Were he to do so his efforts would only arouse the antagonism and passions of superior numbers, whose unrestrained and ungoverned wills would culminate in the perpetration of greater wrongs upon the one who already suffers. It is safe to do good, or my duty, after I find how to do it in the way that will not create evil, harm others or beget greater evils.

For him who seeks the upward way there is no duty—for nothing is a duty. He has learned that the word conveys an erroneous meaning when applied to the doings of the Seeker. It implies the performance of that which savors of a task, or a certain required or demanded act necessary before progress is made or other deeds be performed. Of duty, there is none such as this.

He learns to do good and that which appears the wisest at the time, forgetting self so fully that he only knows his doing good to others—forgetting self so far that he forgets to think whether he is doing his duty or not—entering Nirvana to this extent that he does not remember that he is doing his duty. That *for him* is duty.

"Resist not evil," saith one of the Wise. He who said this knew full well his duty, and desired to convey to us knowledge. That he did not mean men to sit idly by while ignorance let slip the dogs of pain, anguish, suffering, want and murder, is surely true. That he did not mean men to kneel in puerile simulation of holiness by the roadside, while their fellow men suffer torture, wrong or abuse, is still more true. That he did not intend a man to sit silently a looker-on while that which is called evil worked its will upon others when by the lifting of a finger, perhaps, its intentions might be thwarted and annulled—is truth itself. These all would be neglect of a portion of the whole duty of man. He who taught that men should "resist not evil" desired them only to forget themselves. Men think that all things which are disagreeable to them, are evil. By resistance he meant complaint, anger and objection to or against the inevitable, disagreeable or sorrowful things of life, that come to self, and he *did not* mean man to go forth in the guise of a martyr, hugging these same penalties to his bosom while he proclaims himself thereby the possessor of the magic *pass word;* (which he will never own and which is never uttered in that way) *I have Suffered.*

If men revile, persecute or wrong one, why resist? Perhaps it is evil, but so long as it affects one's-self only, it is no great matter. If want, sorrow or pain come to one why resist or cry out? In the resistance or war against them we create greater evils. Coming to one's-self, they should have little weight, while at the same time they carry invaluable lessons in their hands. Rightly studied they cause one to forget himself in the desire to assist others when similarly placed, and the Lotus of duty—or love for man—to bloom

out of the Nile mire of life. Resist not evil, for it is inseparable from life. It is our duty to live, and accept uncomplainingly, all of life. Resist not evil, but rather learn of it all the good which in reality it only veils.

Seek in it, as well as in the gleaming good, for *the Mystery*, and there will come forth from both the self-same form upon whose forehead is written "Duty," which being interpreted, meaneth efforts for the good of all *other* men, and over whose heart is written: "I am my brother's keeper."

AMERICAN MYSTIC.

CHRISTIANITY—THEOSOPHY.

THEOS: *Ingenerate Creative Father or Life-giving Power.*

THEOGONY: *Generable, Creative Maternity or Life-bearing Process from the Father.*

THEOSOPHY: *Generated Body in divine Human Form—Embodied Wisdom of the Father.*

All positive Science, of whatever form or degree, must both analyze and synthetize its subject or theme, before it can vindicate its power as embodied science.

We may say of science itself, accordingly, that, according to strict creative law, it is a *one*, (science) in three-fold order—as *thesis*, *analysis*, and *synthesis*. And this triunity of scientual nature is realized by the human understanding according to the various planes of man's mental constitution, which is itself a triune power apportioned to the threefold providence of Creative Wisdom. This providence gives us:

Firstly: a *Subordinate-Natural Sphere* in the Corporeal realm of creation, primarily related to sensuous experience.

Secondly: a *Superior-Natural Sphere* in the reflective or ideal realm, mediately related to moral and rational experience; and:

Thirdly: *Supreme-Natural Sphere*, in the vital realities of eternal Life and Law that are intrinsically one with the human soul as the central verities of all divine intuitions, revelations, and fulfilling powers.

So, the human intellect comes to be fortified in understanding and power according to its attainments in the degrees of Sub-Natural, Super-Natural, and Supreme-Natural degrees of science.

In the first it mainly memorizes observed things and facts.

In the second it analyzes and synthetizes things, facts and ideas immediately related thereto.

In the third it comes to be opened to the contemplation of the necessary laws of Creative Being, thence systematically traces the operation of those laws in the varied processes of forming and filling the creaturely vessel

as a spiritual subject fitted to creative designs; and finally comprehends the full law and testimony of that end itself, as God's true creation achieved in divine Sonship humanly realized.

Such is a briefest possible outline of the service of the Christian Revelation, as I understand it, to the human intellect. And the powers of life in man unfold and work by the same order of creative degrees; so that from right *being*, through true *knowing*, in divinest *doing*, creation becomes livingly consummated in the human form in conscious oneness with the Divine and thus endowed with all the powers of supreme mastery or lordship.

And I understand that the process to this *end* is vitally set forth in the Christian Revelation as a crucial travail in creation towards full creative glorification and ascension to the majesty there inherent. And I further understand that the reign of worldliness in the creaturly subject must give place to the rule of the spirit (aspiration for holiness or wholeness in life) ere man can escape from the practice of penance and self-abnegation, and become born into the *consummating degree* of ascension *towards* the Highest. After this birth into the spirit of righteousness (the love of right for its own sake) there is no more achievement through repentance or penitence and *forcible* putting away of besetting evils; yet there is a liability to fall and bruising until evolution in this spirit shall have wrought its perfect ends. But the old process of repentance and forgiveness cannot be available here, because if the spirit or heart is right there can be no repentance.

If one in love with cleanliness fell into a pool of filth he would not indulge self-accusing or repentant moods. He would rather pity his misfortune and make it a stimulus for greater care as to missteps in future. And inasmuch as evolution is a law of development in every degree of human experience, this consummating degree under the sway of Holy Spirit must involve a long process of growth ere it becomes matured, just as the fruitional degree of growth in the corn is "first the blade, then the ear, then the corn fully ripe in the ear."

This ripening degree in the human form is not effected by the economy of the previous degree—the experience of repentance and forgiveness as conscious motors of life—but by the scourgings of afflictions and pains and purgatorial fires, designed to "destroy the adversary." Remedial agencies are ample providences to creative designs in all the various conditions of human growth and final gathering in divine fulness by the great Husbandman of Creation, just as an earthly husbandman first prepares the soil and plants the seed, then laboriously cultivates, and at last reaps and gathers the ripened fruits into useful stores—all different processes to one end.

So, while I see in the revelation of Jesus Christ the full light of the *End*, I also see the glory of the Father as requisite primary Life, and thence the clear methods of the creative operations in his natural humanity, before crea-

turely fruition and "rest" in His Divine Natural Humanity can be realized.

Seeing all this, I want to emphasize the manifest truth that Christianity, seen by the light of creative law that it surely displays, and not by the fallacious and unstable flashes of its professed votaries throughout Christendom during the many toilsome centuries of development of the rank stock, is not a limitary or exclusive system, but is as broad and catholic as is any possible conception of Human Brotherhood.

Its seizure and exposition of special instrumentalities and truths, is only in order that the sublime truth of the *inherent unity* of mankind in creative source, and the *seeming* adherent diversity and contrariety of man in process of creative development, may be surely authenticated as *being* and *seeming* made one in full creative composure at last; and this not for Judaistic stock and its special fruit alone, but for all humankind. For "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ all and in all."

Now, although I have never seen my way to a connection of myself with any of the various churches in Christendom—which appear to me to be only crude fragments or broken parts of the great Unitary Humanity, and hence not truly representing that Humanity—I have yet remained a firm votary of the truth actually revealed by the Christian Gospel—the truth of "God in the Christ reconciling the whole world unto himself." So, from the true Christian attitude one may be grounded in all the breadth of universal human brotherhood; and not only that, may come to comprehend the exact law of Creator, Creating And Created. One may come here, not only to a scientific perception of the truths of creative order, but to a practical knowledge of the methods of organizing those truths in human affairs—to qualify human character, order human thought and activities—and thus intelligently cooperating with creative purpose, gradually abolishing unbelief and evil and settling into the harmony of final order and good will towards all men.

One can have no true, satisfactory knowledge of a man from seeing him in his common nature as a human person; for here is where men meet in communal or chaotic indifference. A man must be known in his special nature—in his manifest power of *doing*—in his productive activity organically embodied—to be vitally known and rated in value. Art-genius in man is of no account to *human fellowship* until that genius becomes sampled in an embodying form that duly reveals it. Then the artist will be known and greeted according to the character of his achievement, at least by such as are duly cultured in his sphere of genius. So, the Creative Genius cannot be known by the dim vision of Theistic faith—by any conception of God's mere *being* as Creator. And as our common humanity stands to Him as embodying instrumentality stands to the artist, that humantiy must be divinely fashioned

to sample the infinite love, wisdom and power; the Creation's Artist can be known and duly worshipped. God's creative power being amply sampled in His Divine Natural Humanity personally embodied—this being the Light and Life of the Christian Revelation—He should be known and worshipped by this revealed Light. He cannot be known, *as Creator*, by physical and spiritual conditions short of this revealed *Life in human form*. All degrees of our human development in historic experience, are only so many steps in the forming and qualifying processes of Creative Wisdom, towards His sublime purpose in creation. Hence to rate Christianity by the human conditions or states manifested by professed votaries during the era of Christian development, is equivalent to rating the growing ear of grain by its enveloping husk, rather than by the matured "first-fruit" given in the planting.

The grand personal chord of Universal Human Brotherhood, struck with such force and held with such tenacity by *Theosophy*, is simply the resonant thrill of Creative Wisdom as it livingly plays to fulfil its purpose in the *actual* unity of Humanity—the associate order of Man in organic brotherhood on the earth. And only this aim is the worthy endeavor of man under whatever banner he marches. In Christian Science the End is clear from the Beginning, and *vice-versa*.

Let us not indulge strife and contention over formal differences, but unite all our forces, under whatever name, in the furtherance of God's ultimate purpose in the Divine Natural Humanity.

If we are Theosophists, intelligently surveying the whole field by Theistic Wisdom, we shall see that God's life as *Creative Theos* must eternally *Be*: thence it must operate through *Theogonal or generative processes*, involving creaturely spirit in natural man as the requisite instrumentality. Thence we must see that true *Theosophic* embodiment—the organic form and activity of *Theos-Wisdom* in the Natural Humanity—must become the fulfilling reality. So, under other terms, as (1) Creative Theos, (2) Creative Theogony, (3) Creative Theosophy in organic form Theistically qualified, is seen just what the truly informed Christian beholds in the Christian Revelation as a science, (1) of Creative Being, (2) of Creative operations in natural man, (3) of Creative End in Divine Natural man, with harmony and order organically realized in all human affairs. Thus it is seen that from the miracle of *true* Christian Science the ampler aspects of Theosophy will be refished with most vital zest. And going on to work "in the unity of the spirit and diversity of operations," *formal* unity will ultimately be realized through the perfect, scientific adjustment of all institutions in central human service.

Concord, N. H. Wm. H. Kimball.

Tea Table Talk.

There is always more or less discussion of Reincarnation. The student knows it as the corner stone of occultism; he is therefore not surprised to find in it the first and most formidable barrier to the Western mind. Its acceptance is the entering wedge of the whole philosophy. We may say of it what a witty Frenchwoman said of the fabled saint who had walked every step of twenty miles with his severed head under his arm. "Faith! It was only the first step that cost him anything!"

This first step, to be thoroughly made, must be in a measure instinctive. The mind must find the truth within itself, and see in it a lucid explanation of its own manifold tendencies and experiences: it must recognize a great past from which it draws varied recollections. Sue relates a tale of a small Boston playmate who felt this after the dim instinctive manner of a child. He was a five year old of the quaint species known as "old-fashioned" and his mother reminded him of the senior rights of an eight year old brother. He replied. "But I'm older. You forget, mamma, that I was five years old when I was born."

The Tea Table has a valued friend whose teachings and remarks are always pertinent to its discussions. Z.....tells us: "The Leaders of the world are always trying to help us. May we pass the clouds and see them ever. We must be patient. All obstructions are of our own making. All our power is in the storage of the past. That store we all must have; who feels it near is he who has in this life directed his thoughts to the proper channel. That others do not feel it is because they have lived but blindly. That we do not feel and see it more is because we have not yet directed all our mental energies to it. This great root of Karmic energy can be drawn upon by directing the fire of our minds in the right direction."

The truly instinctive glimpse is well portrayed in a charming anecdote told me lately of a young child quite removed from all occult interests or surroundings, yet having parents of unusual culture. He was at play and counted his game thus: "Ten, twenty, and so you go to one hundred. Then you get through and begin all over. Mamma! That's the way people do. They go on and on till they come to the end, and then they begin over again. I hope I'll have you for a Mamma again, the next time I begin."

Most cavilers and inquiries begin by saying: "Is it possible for you to prove Reincarnation?" The proofs are weighty and scientific, but for my part I answer boldly: "No; nor do I want to prove it to you. Find it for yourself. No argument can make you assimilate the doctrine. You cannot line a thing from the outside. I can of course stick foreign ideas in a brain, as I would raisins in a pudding, but they will never mix, no matter to what heat I subject them, and I have higher business in life."

I do not believe in argument. It only serves to fix and define human limitations. Even with a pure intent, we may harm the man whom we overpersuade to accept our idea intellectually. He works with it for a time;

a crisis comes in which it fails him because he does not find it in his nature: then he throws it out and is doubly set against the truth because he thinks he has tried it. Our good influence is also impaired with his faith. This is why it is better to confine ourselves to answering direct queries: the questioner is sure to have some root of the matter in his make up of the moment. As the Bagavad-Gita says; "The wise man seeketh that which is homogeneous to his own nature." He looks within himself for proofs and traces of truths, and follows those shown him by this guidance. And again: "Another's faith beareth fear." Consider that these actualities are not mere intellectual counters, but are that by which we really live. "Man does not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." These truths are the words, the *Logoi* of the Higher Self, by whose energy it quickens and creates our real life, as the Eternal by his *Logoi* creates the worlds.

The most beneficial way to reach the centre of another is to mentally address yourself to his subconscious mind with firm, steady thought. There it is received, and filters down into the active part of his mind: he then welcomes it complacently as his very own, and absorbs it and lives from it without any of the friction or opposition of individualities. If your thought be untrue, selfish or of mixed motive, then it will have far more difficulty in reaching him; will not indeed, unless he be strangely unprotected.

Pretty Polly gives me a good example of the working of the sub-conscious-mind. It is tinged with the sentiment of her age, but *quoi donc?* we were all young once, though at the time we didn't know it. Polly had asked the student, in his absence, to whistle a favorite tune of hers at 10:15 P. M. of a certain Tuesday. She says: "When the evening came I was thinking very intently about one of my studies and forgot everything else. Suddenly I got the idea that my eight day clock, wound and set on Sundays only, was incorrect. This bothered me so that I looked at it, still reciting my lesson, and seeing it was 10:8 I called to my Father for the railroad time. He gave it as 10:11. (Note that there is four minutes difference in time, between our place and New York, where the student then was.) I set my clock and two watches, all the time reciting. At 11 P. M. closing my books for the night, I thought with sudden compunction that I had entirely forgotten the student, the tune, the appointed hour. Then I saw that part of me had remembered and taken note of the time."

Were we not so preoccupied with the surface business of life, we would oftener get the gist of such admonitions. Didymus writes: "Here are two little incidents in my daily experience illustrative of the need of trusting one's intuition. The other morning, coming out of a store with my mind full of the matter which had taken me there, I saw a street car coming on my accustomed line. I walked to the curb, when I felt something say: 'Don't take this car, wait for the next.' I stopped involuntarily, then reasoned that this was nonsense, and why should I wait, and so stepped aboard. Immersed in my newspaper, I paid no further attention to the car's course until it stopped, when I fouud that it was one of a class that switched off from the main line, and I had lost half a mile by disobeying my orders.

"The other incident was a dream. I thought I was in a Library, looking for some book which I couldn't find. Finally I asked the attendant: he said, 'why, it's on that shelf.' I replied that I could not find it there, when he walked over to the spot with me, and took down the desired volume right before my eyes. Next morning I was in the office of the Clerk of the court, preparing some injunction papers. I asked the clerk for a certain paper on file, and he asked me if the date agreed with the Court papers for 1884, suggesting that I compare it with the books on a certain rack. I looked as directed, then told him I could not see 1884. He came over saying, 'Here it is' and pointed to a book lying apart on a shelf, right before my eyes too, when my dream flashed across my mind."

Quickly one night dreamed that he went out into an adjoining street and saw that several houses had been altered with new stoops and cherry doors. Next day he went there, but found no alteration. A month after, they were all altered as he dreamed, with new stoops and cherry doors. There was a blue door he used to see in the astral light, when awake, about which the Tea Table chaffed him. Now he writes exultant: "The blue door I told you I saw turns out to be a piece of second-sight. The door across the street that I see every morning and evening, has heen so altered. I believe I saw the picture just when the owner had determined to paint it over in a few months to come. His thought and determination made a strong picture which I got and thus saw the thing occur. Most men make up their minds nearly every day in general what they will do weeks ahead and thus the ether is full of such pictures at all times. Those pictures of things so well founded that they must soon eventuate, are seen by us."

What of all these trifles? This: the inner man grows and learns to look about him as the child first gazes on the world. "While his eyes and hands and feet are thus fulfilling their tasks, new eyes and hands and feet are being born within him. For his passionate and unceasing desire is to go that way on which the subtle organs only can guide him." So these "trifles light as air" are encouragement (much needed by all) and "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" to those who rightly read them. I quote them that you may be reminded to note and be strengthened by those of your own experience. Otherwise many lessons are lost. Our material immersion often costs us dear. We are typified by King Vala in a Sanscrit drama. He invited all his tributary chiefs to honor his birthday, gambled with them, and lost in the excitement of the game, he staked his whole empire and forfeited it. He honestly left his Kingdom and while travelling in the forest at night with his wife Damayanti, covered her when asleep with half his clothes and taking the other half, disappeared. She awoke in grief and questioned every bird as to the whereabouts of her Lord. He had become a cook and charioteer for his own father-in-law, a neighboring prince, and only after seven and a half years of indescribable trials were over, did he regain wife and Kingdom. So man, with blind eagerness plays the gross, earthly game, loses his own Kingdom, is even parted from the spiritual partner to which he is truly wedded, and she, the soul, asks vainly of each flying intuition where her

Lord, the entire man who shall bring her to realize the Power in the flesh, has gone. He is forced to serve in the very house of that marriage wherein he and his soul should rule as one. It is not for want of warning, of suggestions and revelations. Look for these. Yet rely not upon them, but rather on that "unceasing and passionate desire" for the Light of the world which is within you. JULIUS.

THEOSOPHICAL NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA.—The KRISHNA THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, which was organized May 21, is now in shape for active work. Two new members have been added and although the membership is still small there is all the interest and activity of a much larger body. Meetings are held every Sunday evening and will be continued through the summer. Just now Mr. Sinnett's "Esoteric Buddhism" is under discussion.

There is a strong undercurrent of Theosophic thought in the city and every now and then it makes itself manifest. The friends of the movement are increasing in numbers although not rapidly, yet with pleasing assurance of permanence. Many are interested who are not desirous of making public avowal of the fact, but when the traditional conservatism shall have been overcome there will undoubtedly be a strong and numerous membership here.

CALIFORNIA.—The Branches on the Pacific Slope are active. *Light on the Path* is being carefully studied and distributed. New centers of theosophy may soon be organized here.

CHICAGO.—The Branch here has taken a vacation during the hot weather. Many of the members, however, are to be met and recently had an interesting gathering.

LITERARY NOTES.

IN *The Hour* of July there is a very well written short article asking "Where are the Theosophists?" It is evidently from the pen of one accustomed to writing for the press. It takes the ground that the report of the Psychical Research Society on Mme. Blavatsky did no damage to the movement, and says that the doctrines put forward by theosophists are elevating and inspiring in the extreme.

THOUGHTS OF HEALING.—This is a little brochure by a New York Theosophist, Miss Lydia Bell, who has given great attention to the study of the "Mind Cure," of which the text treats.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD.—By J. C. Street, A. B. N. (*Lee & Shepard, Boston, 1887.*) Of this pretentious volume it may be said that whatever in it is new, is not true, and whatever is true, is not new; scattered through its six hundred pages, are wholesale thefts from the Vedas, Paracelsus, *Isis*, THE PATH, and other authorities; which are not less intrinsically valuable, because the compiler, doubtless led away by enthusiastic admiration, omits the formality of using quotation marks to acknowledge

the obligation that ordinary mortals are wont to recognize under similar circumstances. Injected among these, and with absolute irrelevancy, appears the new matter—presumably the efforts of the compiler—in the shape of explosive absurdities, such as one expects to hear in Methodist Camp Meetings.

The book would be beneath serious criticism, were it not for the fact that it bears the imprint of a leading publishing house; and in view of the increasing interest in occult matters, might thereby mislead people into the belief that it was worth reading, especially as the claim is made that it is inspired by great adepts both living and dead, who have condescended to relent and give out these six hundred pages, with certain restrictions which prevent their going into any detail or explanation beyond those given by the unfortunate or unprogressed authors from whose writings they have either allowed or directed their humble disciple, Mr. Street, to steal.

The introduction is magnificently pretentious. It says that Mr. Street is writing by no rushlight, but under Divine inspiration, and then proceeds to use a well turned paragraph which we had the fortune to write for the opening article of the first number of THE PATH a year and a half ago; we were not then conscious of being inspired by Mr. Street's guides. On page 364 he has as his own a passage taken bodily from the Mundaka Upanishad, 1st mun, 1 Kh., 3 v. On page 365, while converting matter from v. i, pp 36 of THE PATH to his own use, by way of variation he attributes to Pythagoras that which the Upanishad states. On page 394 he has abstracts from pages 52 and 53 of PATH from an article on *Primary Concepts*, written by Dr. Buck. He then takes up Reincarnation, and on pages 413, 414, inserts much of the article written for PATH by Madame. Blavatsky (Vol. 1, pages 232, 233) as also extracts from Isis Unveiled. This is all his guides know on the subject.

The remarks on Sacred Symbols consist of a deliberate steal from an article which appeared in THE PATH, Vol. 1, upon *Theosophical Symbolism*, inserted entire, and in which this inspired (*sic.*) compiler stops short at the very place where the author of that article stops. He then adds a dash from Hargrave Jennings and others, uniting these abstractions by some nonsensical remarks from his own easy going brain.

It is always pleasant to find some point on which one can agree with an opponent; and at first we were disposed to admit the compiler's assertion that a charge of plagiarism might justly be brought against him; but as we understand the word, it means the assimilation of the thought or ideas of another, rather than that wholesale and unaltered appropriation of paragraphs or pages, either verbatim or with unimportant changes, which is usually designated by an Anglo-Saxon word of one syllable and much less euphonious sound.

Having said this, we feel that our duty is done: and we are content to leave the book to sink to that place to which its merits may entitle it.

Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.—*Emerson.*

OM.